

A Legend

My glory's height is worth of a king
deposed in its kingdom of dwarfs

I don't know what rank I'll have in the kingdom of dead
I think of it in the shape of a heart
and colored with indian summer read

I am not sad Neither I'm happy
My people of words has no sea to go over,
it has to be content with the emptiness eating slowly to them

I'll seal that little universe with a last,
crawling smile, tempting to another world

A Walk In The Afternoon

Old emotions are lined up on the shelves of scattered remembrances
Walking, emotionless, through your life,
something between museum & natural reservation,
tearing you off in calendar files,
the bed linen in which later shrouded
I'll dream, I'll sweat, I'll dry

All Laid Sieges Are Over

Musty libraries along flowered avenues
in the old city, with old people

eager to look younger -

Poem lines are their crutches

A walk in the afternoon gently recalls
morning reminiscences

All laid sieges are over
"Victory", "defeat" and "next" are
deleted words in the memory

Eclipse

"The prison is not outside my body, not outside my memory
There is no guardian to look upon me,
except my troubled sleep

All around, a chaos of voices,
swallowed up, one by one, in the black hole of my silence

Above the Great Gate stands *Träumen macht frei*
shrouded in the blue of a future sky..."

This is all the detainee has left
on his shadow projected on the wall

Flood

Rain

Fogged mind

Lightening & thunder

Memory flashes

Speechless

Blurred vision

Enlightening thought

Lights on Lights off

Another chance is lost But not

in the history textbook

Either way, tomorrow will be fine

To be or not to be -

a no-go question

Doomed, benighted people

Good morning, motherland!

Aux armes, citoyens!

Make love, not war!

Open mind, heart & borders!

Welcome to Utopia!

Let the beer flow!

No more blood spilling!

Whatever, the rain will wash it

It would be nice if

tomorrow will be fine

It's raining

All over the place

It's raining

Much Ado About Nothing

There is no way, says the guardian

There is only one, stentorize the priest, or the politician

There are many, quips the philosopher

And the actor impersonates them all, one by one

Under a lemon tree, the child is reading

(nobody knows what is it, it is hard to see through a fairy tale
bubble)

And all the people are passing by, without
paying much attention

They are passing with the speed of letters under the eyes

With the speed of light beyond the failure of dreams

Sometimes, someone is asking: Which way?

And answers are pouring with sound of heavy rain,
And the actor, unfailing, impersonates them all

ODYSSEY

(A Comedy)

**After five decades of growing up in school,
I'm all ingrained with its illusionary environment -
from the smell of with diesel cleaned floors in the 70ies,
to the flashes of today selfies taken by overjoyed kids
Moving through (and occasionally trampling on)
the weeds of teaching theories & schooling policies,
I neither won or lost some battle, all the way is a fragmentary,
stained glasslike landscape, here and there
continuously spotted by short and, once in a while, long
long wavelengths**

**My shadow on the white wall of the apartment terrace -
a smaller I, the shadowy childhood flagging all the years,
mushrooming memories, mixed in various recipes, a useless drug
Even so - redeeming.**

**I had, I have
a beautiful life...
museal one**

Signs

Slicing the words

In search of a meaning

Confusing layers

Curious breeding

Childish play

Too late and insane

Deconstruction of dome

Rambling array

No way to rhyme your body

Although it is nailed by the stars

Your stare is a trivial blank verse

A title page for in heart

enshrouded scars

The Best Of -

As simple as that -
An assortment of pain & joy in a grand bouquet
The shortlist of tags tailing the verb *to be*
is rolling inside every head, white-black movie,
vintage memories & all sort of snobbery
Everyone is pushed for an interview with fate
Everyone is losing the job for eternity

"The Noise & Nonsense Of The Times"

All I have been through

is far far away

The present is only the eyelid

over the past

From the rope of the horizont

Are hanging the dreams - Aurora

of once upon a time

Tempting eyelashes

The Trial

Lonely,
on a lonely planet,
in a lonely universe -
perfect setting
for a “philosopher”,
put down from a supposed paradise,
down in the general death row,
handing out his *Weltanschauung*,
a perfect, useless crime